

ENGINEERING

THE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO ENGINEERING SOCIETY

NOVEMBER 18, 1976



FORCAST FOR THE CUMMING YEAR

As a special New Year's feature for our readers (or should I say dribblers), we have asked the famous seer, and part-time bookie, Buster (Wide) Opn to give us a small piece (he said that's all we could have because he keeps the big pieces for himself) of what's in store for us in the cumming year. Buster's predictions are known to be 85% correct at least 2% of the time. Buster wishes to express his deepest regrets to the families of the 208 people who died, constipated, last year on Mount Everest awaiting his predictions of high expectations. When asked if he used the ESP (Engineering School of Per- version) or the crystal ball method he replied that he preferred the straight and narrow approach of the Dart Board Method. (That is, if it sticks, do so; if it falls down, go home, get a good night's rest, and try her again tomorrow). He added that he usually sticks them no matter what.

Some Selected Predictions:

SPORTS—Baseball rules will be amended for batters to be able to use their own bats and balls. (Could lead to marital problems)

ARCHITECTURE—The simple tapered cylinder will be the most commonly erected structure during the cumming year.

ARCHEOLOGY—An ancient condom will be discovered made of flint (talk about lighting her fire).

CARS—GM (Gangrene Motors) will cum out with a new version of the Vega called the Shackback with heavy duty rear suspension, high power defogger, and King Coil mattress.

ENTERTAINMENT—The world will see the birth of an air bed. Now being tested by Northrop for aerodynamic stability, prolonged large amplitude harmonic motion capabilities, and corrosion resistance for unusual fluids, it involves the controversial Ribner Rotor for lift.

TRANSPORTATION—Bicycles will become more popular including a new ladies model, with no seat.

ENGINEERING—From the 77-78 year on sailors will be allowed into the faculty without being laid by the entire Women's Committee (smarten up Jim).

TORONTO TEAMS—We will win a game this year.

EXAMS—New rules will be drafted to make exams be written in the nude to prevent cheating. Anatomy exams, of course, will be written in full arctic winter dress.

SEX EDUCATION—The up and Cumming trend will include laps and tutorials as the wave of "serious study" moves in. Nothing like a good dose of learning to purge that ignorance.

MOVIES—a remake of a well known movie will appear called Bob and Ted; Carol and Alice.

FASHION—We've had the string bikini, and now it's the cellophane bikini (great for those messy leftovers).

SPACE—It will be discovered that the Great Red Spot of Jupiter is acne and NASA (National Ass and Scrotum Association) will send a rocket with a cargo of two megatons of Clearasil to this planet.

MUSIC—The LGMB will cum out with an album called "Music to Copy Problem Sets By". (A copy has been reserved for you Joe)

DRUGS—Marijuana will be legalized in Canada and Prime Minister Trudeau and his cabinet will be found trying to pass a bill making us the national mascot.

Dear Santa Claus,

I guess you must be very busy this time of year what with all the elves working overtime and no one to look after all their wives. Is Mrs. Claus still putting out or do you have to sneak out and see the reindeer? What makes Rudolf's nose so red and did he really get lips like that sucking pop-sicles? But enough of your worries, I was very good this year and did not get anyone pregnant, "borrow" any essays for my non-tech or even have to go to the clap clinic for dunking my onion in the wrong places. Due to this outstanding behavior, I would like to tell you my requests for a few items:

- A years subscription to the brewers retail
- A directory of all nurses in Toronto
- Six dozen extra large condoms
- A Care package from Columbia (or Panama)
- A 10" banana warmer
- My own IBM key punch
- Triplicate copies of February's mid-terms
- A "Get out of Eng. Sci. Free" pass worth 200 marks
- A jock gun
- My very own Chinese student able to do all problem sets
- A CHEEKS T-shirt so I can always get in without waiting
- A "Do it yourself paint the SAC Dome" kit
- All the money in the world
- An Artsie's course load
- A nice HAL 9000 to replace an outdated SR-52
- Monty Python's BIG RED BOOK
- Chocolate chip cookies
- A round king sized water bed
- A chance to play T*ike editor for a week

Lots of Love,
Dave & John

Dear Godiva's Box,

Are we ever in trouble. In order for us to graduate from third year it seems as though we need to buy a wonderful machine. It involves a 448m long tube with a cross sectional area of 1cm², a weightless, frictionless piston and a device for removing infinitesimal weights from the piston and disposing of them. This isn't too bad except that Professor Graydon (he may look like Santa Claus but he really is stingy) will only give us 375 calories to spend on it. Do you know where we can get such a device for this price? Graydon says that we should rule out mortals and try Gods or Keebler elves.

Graydon's Groupies

P.S. The Chem Club has offered to donate additional calories but we would have to take them from the Coke machine in the Common Room.

—no wonder you're having problems—calories are out, joules are in. Look in the latest issue of Screw, they have a few models which might suit your purpose.

Dear Ms. Godiva,

How was I supposed to know which way was frontwards? They just gave us the thing in pieces and we had to assemble it using 1/2" hex nuts. Nobody told me that there was a front and a back. We almost installed it on its side.

Joe the foreman

—it's a good thing it was only hex nuts. Other varieties of fasteners are dangerous even in skilled hands unlike yours.

Dearest Box,

Just a note to let you know how much I enjoyed the Oct. 28th Toike—or should I say 'Moon'. It was witty and clever, and projected an excellent image of Engineering students. It improved the quality of life in this dear old faculty for a day or two, thus warming my official heart, as Chairman of the Community Affairs (whose job it is to be concerned with the quality of life in the faculty), as well as making me laugh aloud, to the consternation of bystanders.

More power to your pen, and those of the other contributors!
Michael Piggott

Dear Godiva,
So you call this a Xmas Xoike make out - uh - I mean make up?
Where is the mistle toe?
Where are the voluptuous nurses?
Eh R. H.?
Where's the food?
Why are the ass ed, man ed, and not ed here?
Out watching some porno flick no doubt.
Honestly they're not my adze!
Where are my fringe benefits?
How about the one with two tassels attached?

Who ordered the used rubbers?
Speaking of turds—huy some!
I deny nothing and everything!
I used to know a little about a lot but due to working here I've learned less and less about more and more until I now know nothing about everything!

OK

Dear Godiva's Box,

I have recently noted in your letters, people writing in about their bizarre, explosive sexual fantasies. This is fine, for the average impotent engineer needs this



"When you say you'd like to eat Miss Clark, do you mean you'd like to eat her or you'd like to eat her?"

GODIVA'S BOX

type of escape. But what about us Phys. Ed. students who don't have these visions of hot quivering lips dribbling orgasmic honey juices into our anxiously awaiting faces? There are many of us who have never imagined thrusting and plunging our throbbing and pulsating organ into thirsty, craving, glistening fleshy inner recesses, not to mention writing them down and sending them in to the Editors. This is the point, for not only do we not suffer from these hallucinations of having intercourse with pigs in such incredible positions that would make Linda Lovelace dry-heave, but we wouldn't even conceive of transcribing these non-existent thoughts onto paper. I must clear up the misconceptions that simply because engineers haven't got two inches standing, that doesn't mean we do. Phys. Ed. students are good, clean college kids who don't dabble in group sex with monkeys. I certainly hope this letter clears things up. Thank you.

—jocks? throbbing pulsating organs? Ha! I hope your glans falls off.

Dear Godiva,
I think its about time we had some spirited debate about what is going to be done with that week in the spring term. As it stands this year, the week has been tacked on to the Christmas vacation with lectures and labs commencing on January the 10th. Unfortunately for those taking courses in other faculties, those other courses start a week earlier. Obviously something should be done to take this week and put it in a convenient place.

The Dean has already said that he doesn't want to give us a "ski week" that would coincide with the Artsie's reading week (ski week).

Nobody wants a week tacked on to the end of the term because for many it means the loss of a week's pay.

Right now most of us agree that the week off is located at a bad time. If the Dean doesn't want to give us a ski week then at least put the week somewhere in the middle of the term. It makes sense to start classes the same time as everybody else, and it seems a waste to finish a week early. If the Faculty won't give us a week in the middle of the term then how about a few long weekends? A 3-day weekend at the end of January and a 4-day weekend at the end of February and March gives both a chance to catch up in work and to get to the slopes. Whatever the case, Eng Soc should ensure that all Faculty Council reps discuss this matter with their class so that when the next Faculty Council meeting comes up everyone will be aware of the issue.

Paul Shindman
Mech II

Dear Box,
There once was a man named Cramer
Who was looking for fortune and fame—er
So he went into math
And then took a bath
And found they were one and the same—er.

(The above attack on Archimedes is all a lot of jiggerdy-pokerdy. Some good horse sense alone will tell you that licking one's lips 112 times in a 50-minute lecture is a socially accepted practise on a dry day.)

Love & lip-licks,
8T0 Group G

—you can still get thrown in prison in some parts of the world for licking lips!

Use of Magic on Exams

For the past few years there has been much controversy over the use of magic on exams. Strong arguments have been presented by the students in favour of its use, the most compelling of which is that profs themselves use magic. Much evidence of this is available, such as the numerous grad students who have become demonstrators and subsequently turn into toads. No doubt most of us are also familiar with the methods used by profs for proving theorems on the board.

Convinced these arguments the Hexecutive Committee has been studying the possibilities with the Faculty Coven, and some recommendations have been made. Since the price of reasonably useful wands has been dropping due to Transilvanian imports, they are easily within the reach of most student budgets, however some restrictions must be made. These are that the wands must be self powered, non-mechanical, pocket sized, and should operate with a minimum of smoke and flashes so as to reduce danger and disturbance to others. Some protection will have to be provided to ensure that wands will not cause hazards for profs in the event of failure. Also, use of spirits (evil, liquid, or otherwise) must be reserved for apres exams.

In accordance with the guidelines, the Eng. Stores will be stocking the reliable Hocus Pocus line of wands at bargain basement prices. The least expensive model, HP 2, with two functions is capable of erasing an offensive test question, or alternatively changing it to something you know. Being an eight digit wand it is suitable for one hand operation by people with at least 16 fingers. Other features include levitating

decimal, rechargeable spells and attractive carrying case. Also available in kit from as HP 2K, but requires 6V lantern battery and 2½" 8 ohm speaker.

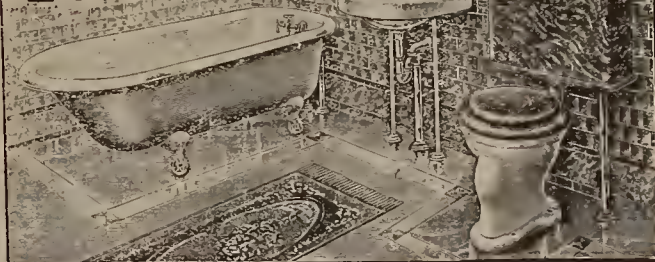
The next in the line, the HP 3 wand, is a scientific model, and hence does absolutely nothing.

The most advanced model is the HP 77 and features all the latest innovations including Reverse Salem Notation, adjustable curser, unnatural logs and antilogs, any powers, and hex output. Powered by various exotic roots, such as square or cube, or available with adapters for D.C. (direct curse) or A.C. (alternating curse, womens model). Low low price is ½ of your soul.

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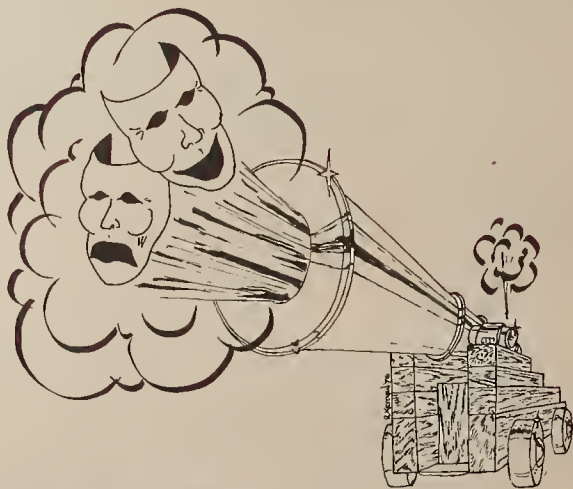
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AUDITIONS FOR SKULE NITE 7T7

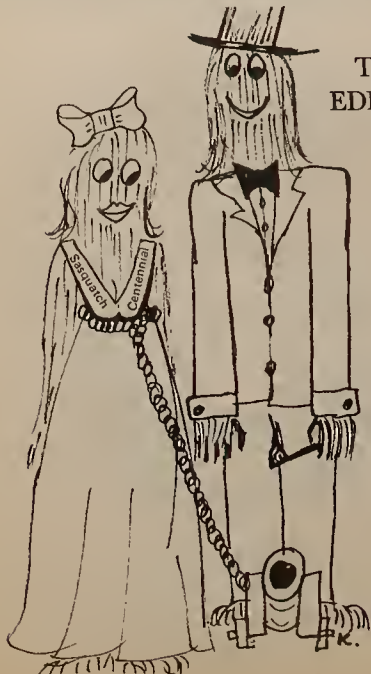


**CODY HALL
NURSING BLDG.
2 RUSSELL ST.**

Nov. 23 & 24

6:30 - 8:30 PM

CANNONBALL



THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL
EDITION OF THE ENGINEERING
SEMI-FORMAL

**HART
HOUSE**

JANUARY 22, 1977. 8:30PM.

CANNON BALL

*"Two or three bands
& a helluva good time."*

Attributed to L. Godiva.

TICKETS ON SALE IN EARLY JANUARY AT THE STORES.

This is no short run

Polonius: The actors are come
hither, my lord.
Hamlet: Buz, Buz!
Polonius: Upon my honour,—
Hamlet: Then came each actor on
his ass,— (Act II, Scene ii)

Yes, once again it's time for auditions for parts in SKULENITE 7T7, the widely acclaimed and enormously popular Engineering musical-comedy revue. SKULENITE is a mixture of sophisticated satirical humour, ribald satirical humour and just plain naughty satirical humour. (Be warned: SKULENITE is definitely not a play of deep social significance. We don't try to cure the world's ills but we do a good job of knocking them.) From impartial comments that have come to our attention SKULENITE not only is the best student written theatrical production on campus and has the best parties man or beast has ever witnessed, but also is the best student

written theatrical production on campus and has the best parties woman or beast has ever witnessed. In short, SKULENITE is a good time for everyone involved, and this year will be no exception.

Basically, SKULENITE 7T7 is a revue in two acts that is presented at Hart House Theatre, February 9, 10, 11 and 12. We require actors, actresses, singers, dancers, musicians, sets and props people, stage crew, costume makers, writers and, in general, just a lot of people to help out. Everyone wishing to get involved is asked to come to the auditions at Cody Hall (in the Nursing Building) on November 23 or 24 from 6:30 to 8:30. Everyone is welcome (not only Engineers) and it must be stressed that experience is definitely not a prerequisite... your enthusiasm counts more. Even if you will only be available to help bang a few nails (not an obscene act) into a set some night, come out so we can get your name. Our success depends upon your involvement.

NIT... REVEALED

Reporter: Hello?

Flash: Uhh Hi. (said the diminutive figure almost totally obscured behind his Archie comic)

Reporter: Is this the T*ike office?

Flash: I think so.

Reporter: Then you must be the editor.

Flash: You talking to me?

Reporter: Don't worry it's O.K. Hartwell approved this interview.

Flash: Ahgg... (he spits) this is a communist conspiracy to take over my paper. Hartwell can get stuffed!

Reporter: Then you are the editor?

At this junction the editor was interrupted by an important phone call to a local pizza parlour. He was talking to someone called Don something-or-other and sounded worried. All I caught was bits and pieces:

"Is there a contract?"

"\$200?! Is it worth it?"

"That's for internal preferred rates!"

"Jeeeeesus Christ!"

"That's the price. If you don't like it, get stuffed!"

"Tell them to fuck off!"

Reporter: Ahh hemm... so then you are the editor

Flash: What the fuck do you think you stupid turd!

(An engineering colloquialism for yes I am told.)

Reporter: Why is it you never write an editorial?

Flash: Why?

Reporter: Ya.

Flash: Don't ask stupid questions, besides I haven't felt like writing any lately.

Reporter: Like since the beginning of the year?

Flash: Well...

Reporter: What is your main responsibility as editor?

Flash: Keeping fucking idiots out of my office and ordering pizza.

Reporter: I take it then you want me to leave?

Flash: Well do you like travel?

Reporter: Yes.

Flash: And you like sex?

Reporter: Yes.

Flash: Well then take a flying fuck at the moon.

Reporter: Hmm... Just one last question then if you don't mind.

Flash: Do I have a choice?

Reporter: No. Is it true you volunteered for this job?

Flash: Ahhg! Don't remind me...

At this point he collapsed into a crumpled heap and started crying. "Sixty characters per column, 14 agate lines per column inch," he screamed shaking his fist at the ceiling. "Get out of here and write something you turd!" I decided it would be best to leave.

Reporter: Merry Christmas.

Flash: Get Stuffed!

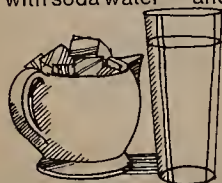
Electrical Engineering 7T7 regretfully announces the loss of classmate Vernon Gomes, who died Saturday, November 6, 1976. Vern, who served as class representative on the Electrical Undergraduate Student Staff committee in his second and third years, was greatly respected for his determination and mature opinion. He will be dearly missed by his classmates and friends.

Plans are being made to establish a scholarship in Vern's name. Please contact Bernie Treidel of 4th. Electrical for details.

What does Ricard taste like?

Easy!

Ricard tastes just like licor . . .
... no, I guess I can't really say
just like . . . but it does when it's straight (almost),
but not in a . . . um, say a RICORANGE,
with orange juice and grenadine (just
a touch of grenadine) . . . of course,
serve it with ice water . . . no, Stanley,
no ice — ice water . . . and it does taste sort of
like . . . no, certainly not anything like that. A
Parakeet is altogether something else. It's made
with soda water — and green Crème de Menthe



and it doesn't taste any-
thing like water (and it
has to be green Crème
de Menthe) . . . But no
matter what you serve it
with, Ricard still tastes
like . . . well, like . . . um . . .

well, Ricard tastes like what it is. A Pastis. What's
a Pastis? Well, it's made in France . . . and it

RICARD

tastes like . . .
well, like . . .



a truly unique taste.

'Twas the night of the makeup, and all through the Toike,
All the writers were busy contributing Joikes.
The copy was placed on the table in stacks,
In hopes that the Toike Ed would spare them the axe.
The beer was well nestled all snug in the sink,
Glistening, ice cold, all ready to drink.
The writers were hammered, the editors worse,
Their only regret was they hadn't a nurse.
Then out on the roof there arose such a clatter,
Though no one could bother to check out the matter.
Away to the window some finally stumbled,
Many were awestruck, and many just mumbled.
The moon on the breast of exhaust blackened snow,
Gave a lustre of oil slick to objects below:
When what to those hungover eyes should appear,
But a decrepit sleigh and eight cases of beer,
With a humourous driver whose T-Shirt said 'Toike'
We knew in a moment it must be St. Oike.
More rapid than students bound homeward at five,
He hitched up each case and they all came alive;
"Now Fifty! Now Export! Now Golden and Blue!
Now Club Ale and all of the imported brew!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Let's get the hell going, now dash away all!"
So as Varsity into the garbage can sail,
Along with the other assorted junk mail,
So up to the roof top the cases they flew,
With the sleigh full of beer—as St. Oike had been too.
And then in a twinkling, we heard on the top,
The crashing of cases, a sickening flop.
We covered our heads as we sank to the ground,
Through the ceiling came St. Oike with a thund'rous sound.
He dressed all in denim from his toes to his ears,
In every way looking like 'Joe Engineer'.
A case full of Vodka was slung on his back,
He even had all kinds of wine in his sack.
His eyes were all bloodshot, his red cheeks, how merry!
His liver was shattered, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
He looked like a rubby who slept in the snow.
The stump of a butt he held tight in his teeth,
And the stench it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a worn face and a rather large belly
That shook, when he belched, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was grubby and drunk, his breath quite appalling:
The smell of 'Four Aces' sent everyone sprawling.
But still he attempted to liven the place,
He handed out drinks with a smile on his face.
Then he told us rude jokes, being ever so smacked;
His presence ignited the spark that we lacked.
Then, laying a finger in front of his nose,
He thumbed his contempt; Through the ceiling he rose.
He sprang to the sleigh, with a grunt and some growls,
He lifted the sleigh with the gas from his bowels.
Then we heard him exclaim, ere he disappeared fast:
"Merry Christmas to all, from the ghost of Toikes Past."

HART HOUSE NEW YEAR'S EVE BALL

Dancing from 9pm. to 3 am.
with
Eddy Graf and
his orchestra in
the Great Hall

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LEN UDOW
featured in the
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*Plenty of hot
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1976-1977

AT LONG LAST!



The Nth Annual Engineering Car Rally

A limited number of tickets are available at the Stores.

\$5/couple

Buy yours before they run out.

Driver & Navigator **MUST** be of opposite sex
unless they're married.

TOIKE OIKE

Published every now and then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto, Room 211A, Engineering Annex 978-2916. Devoted to the interests of the undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering.

Paul Shindman — a one liner for B.A.S.—you're famous.
John Kenny — at a total loss...for brains.
Mark Czerwinski — okay, I'll take it out.
Kathy-with-a-K — where is it?
Ellen Rochman — there must be an easier way to make money!
John Kennedy — How can it be good and not perverted?
Me — Once is good enough, eh? by gars?
Bonita Fern Carson — Basically I am not a mean and nasty person.
OK Bob, M.G., etc?

Mark — Happy chanuka to all my genteel friends (wherever you all are.)

Jim Marko — Same plot, new subject.
Dave Bowden — Merry Christmas to all and to all a good sleep.
Rave Dobson — do you like jocks alot. bouncy bouncy jocks jocks alot.

Cindy Wax — You mean that wasn't a cheerleading practice...a Toike makeout??!!?

Fred Gitz — Ha! Caught another one.
The Flooze — I lied, I was never there, close but they were carrots.

John Cocchio — alias Doug Brown.

Mel Pinkerton — from Barrie.

Steve Hibbins — where are you?

Barry — from Mel Pinkerton.

Dave Bush — forgot. A shrubbery!

Lorraine Gleeson — I refuse to leave until you tell me what you did to my hardhat.

Greg Fitz — I got a new feeling at good, or was that.....

Liz O. — I'm not impressed.

The Owen Sound Bach Quartet — well a 2/3 majority.

Barbarella — Gee whiz, how could I ever thank you?

John MacDonnell — Ibid, Jo.

LJ — Now this is getting a bit much.

Dr. Meirshultz — Ahhhah! Ahhah!

Black cat — I only have eyes for you.

Doug Chmara (manic depressive) — Manic phase...next week, depressive phase.

Gord McConachie (OSBQ) — Can you play melancholy Baby?

Poco — Lct your fingers do the

L.H.C. — I did but she wasn't playful.

Owen Kurin — I want it, I need it.

©1976 Toike Oike

Ted Louie — I won't tell how I got in!!

Billy Cocchio — I only coach 'em.

John Mackasey — But I am the REAL Engineering Prez!

Barry Lay — Spent last week putting our Chmara down.

Mark Silver — Next time, guys, try not to lock my books in.

Ln r — Didn't you time it?

Nit — How many picas in 21 cm?

Eric Hartwell — It's not my paper. (never was, never will be)

Rob Yates — Mine neither.

Suzy — Nor mine.

OK — Not my adze neither. You want fuckin adze?

Alan Flancman — Bring back the memories that only you and I have seen

Editor — Alan Flancman

Ass Editor — Rob Yates

Managing Editor — Poco

Business Mgr. — Owen Kurin

The opinions expressed in this paper are not necessarily those of the Assistant Editor.

Who said that I don't write editorials? Being things as they are, ie, I left this stupid hole for this stupid editorial to fill—here it cums.

If you look to the left about 3" you will see a long list of names. These are the names of the people who bring you the Toike. A sort of weird collection of sometimes motley individuals who think that spending every third Saturday or so at the Annex drinking beer, eating absolutely vile tasting take-out food and playing pinball till all hours of the night is great fun. Take a close look — one of them could be your next door neighbour. These are the people who think that contributing to the Toike is a worthwhile experience and to me, each and every one of these people are worth 100 of the sit-on-your-ass-do-nothing type human. Funny thing too, about 25 names to the left, about 2500 names in engineering.

Seems to me that there's a 1:100 ratio in there somewhere. What ever happened to all those people who last year said that they would be willing to help out on the Toike? Surley not all of them graduated or failed or dropped out. What rock are you all hiding under? It's not just the Toike about which I speak, but rather the whole gamut of things which need doing around this faculty of which the Toike is the one about which I am best qualified to speak.

The Engineering Society of this faculty is you and the guy who sits next to you in class even if you don't know his name. Only a small percentage of you come out to do anything. Ask yourselves why.

The image of engineering students so the Dean would like it to be is one of being "lighthearted, intelligent and involved." It is a myth for upwards of 90% of the students

in this faculty. Intelligent yes but as far as the rest, who knows.

Cumming in the spring term....

Two Full Colour Glossy Issues?!!?

Can it be true? Will the

T*ike rise even further

above the hordes of

mediocre publications

which permeate the Ether?

There can be no doubt

about it! Stay tuned

Penthouse fans.

TOIKE JOIKES

An artsman was at a gay bar (where else?) when he saw a girl he wanted to take to bed (why, we don't know) not knowing that she was a Lesbian.

Artsman: Can I take you to bed?
Lesbian: Certainly not!! I'm a Lesbian.

Artsman: Oh really? How are things in Beirut?

Stepping out of the bathroom after brushing his teeth on his wedding night, Jim Picknell, a well known Engineering Society president, found his bride lying naked on her back in bed. "Why, I expected to find you on your knees," he said reproachfully. "Well alright," said his wife, "but it always give me the hiccups."

One morning at mass the Mother Superior of the convent came to the front of the chapel and announced that a man had broken in last night.

"Oh!!" exclaimed the nuns except one who giggled, "Tee-hee-hee"

"And he broke into one of the prettier nun's rooms."

"Oh my!!" rose the cry all but smothering the giggle, "Tee-hee"

"And he raped her," said the Mother Superior.

"No!!" cried the nuns over a smothered "Tee-hee"

"But he wore a condom," the Mother explained.

"Aghh," sighed the nuns in unison with the snicker, "Tee-hee"

"Unfortunately it had a hole in it!"

"Tee-hee" chortled the nuns to a loud "Ohhh!"

The nervous young bride became irritated by her husband's advances on their wedding night and reprimanded him severely. "I demand proper manners in bed," she declared, "just as I do at the dinner table."

Amused by his wife's formality, the groom smoothed his rumpled hair and climbed quietly between the sheets. "Is that better?" he asked, with a hint of a smile.

"Yes," replied the girl, "much better."

"Very good, darling," he whispered. "Now would you be so kind as to please pass the pussy?"

Then there was the artsman who thought the penal code had something to do with the identification of his tool (in case it got lost) . . .

Confucius say: Man take nine months to come from woman and spend rest of life trying to get back in.

Visiting a lawyer for advice, the wife said, "I want you to help me obtain a divorce. My husband is getting a little queer to sleep with."

"What do you mean?" asked the attorney. "Does he force you to indulge in unusual sex practices?"

"No, he doesn't," replied the woman, "and neither does the little queer."

In fact, the Pickle was so ugly when he was born that the doctor slapped his mother!

A certain old harpy from Umsh Who was wholly unable to comesh Would ecstatically shout When a Samovar spout Was shoved up her Muscovi Rumpsh

Hear about the jock who screwed light sockets to get a jolt out of life . . . ?

Artsman Ernie prided himself on his decisiveness. He was quick-witted and never gave wishy-washy, beat around the bush answers. He could always say only yes or no if asked a question. He knew where he was at. This annoyed Bert who could never make up his mind fast. Ernie, realizing this, constantly pestered Bert about his slowness.

One day, Ernie and Bert were at the Meds Disco Pub trying to hustle some chicks. When the girls found out that Bert was an engineer, they were ecstatic. Ernie, not to be outdone, said that he could give a yes/no answer to any question. Bert said, "Any question?" and Ernie said, "Sure. Any question."

Then Bert smiled and said, "Answer me yes or no, Ernie, to this: Did your Mom cry when you told her you were gay?"

A newly-wed couple, Nova Scotian Spent their honeymoon sailing the Ocean.

In twenty-eight days They got laid eighty ways

Imagine such fucking devotion!

Show me a man who's proficient at oral sex and I'll show you an artsie with his head between his legs.

There once was a woman of taste, Who never fucked in a haste, She would drive her man wild by sucking a while, Then let him explode in her face.

What's the difference between a nun and a whore taking a bath?

—A nun is a soul full of hope.

"I sometimes have twenty or so consecutive orgasms using clitoral self-stimulation," the bachelor girl told the sex researcher.

"Good heavens, that's fantastic!" exclaimed the normally blasé researcher.

"Oh, I don't know," shrugged the woman. "After maybe fifteen times, I run out of fantasies, and from there on it's no fun!"

"Will I be the first to do this to you?" whispered the groom as he slipped into bed.

"What a silly question!" giggled the bride. "I don't even know what position you're going to use yet."

And what about the artsman who thought that the Snap On Tool Co. had something to do with amputees . . .

There were these two cops down at the station after their shift one day and one said to the other, "Have I got a great way for you to have better sex with your wife."

"Last night as me and my wife were going at it, I kept my hand under the pillow, and just as I was about to cum, I pulled out my pistol and shot it off into the air."

"Yeah," said the other, "sounds great, I'll try it." And they parted.

The next day, they met again after the shift and the second cop said, "Holy shit, you son-of-a-bitch, you should have seen it, your trick fucked it up. Just as I was about to cum, I shot the gun off. My wife jumped up, bit my cock, pissed all over the bed, and the guy in the closet came out with his hands up!"

"Last night" said a lassie named Ruth, "In a long-distance telephone booth, I enjoyed the perfection Of an ideal connection I was screwed, if you must know the truth."

And then there were these two arts-men walking down the street hand in hand when they both observed a nubile, horny, voluptuous piece of ass walk past. One artsman turned to the other and said, "You know, there are times when I wish I was a lesbian."

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HEIGHT 2 INCHES
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No. 33K8068 Medium Height, Medium Opening, Turn Down Collar, Slim, 14, 14 1/2, 15, 15 1/2, 16, 16 1/2 and 17. State size. Price, each..... 7c



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No. 33K8004 Stylish Wing Collar, drowsy height and up to date, slim, 14, 14 1/2, 15, 15 1/2, 16, 16 1/2 and 17. Price, each..... 7c



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Seconds before first shot, Santa waves at unidentified passerby.



First shot misses Santa, chips antler of Donner.

UNWANTED ASSASSIN

by Jack Meoff (staff)

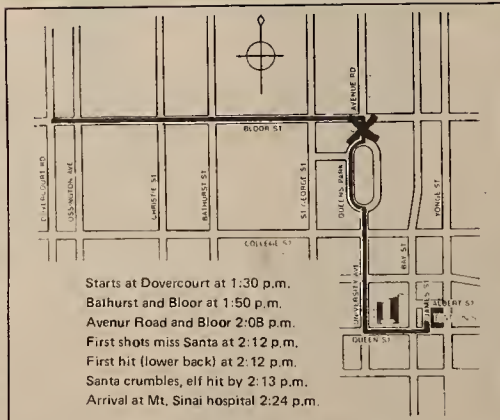
Millions of Canadians were shocked on Sunday, November 14 as the well known legendary folk hero Santa Claus was mercilessly gunned down by a sadistic sniper en route to Eaton's.

Taking part in the so-called Santa Claus Parade for the seventy-second time, the fragile old gentleman was not expected to last much longer anyway. However, top executives at Eaton's are concerned that due to the attack, Claus may not volunteer to enter the parade next year. The parade traditionally brings the company millions of dollars worth of free advertising.

"Uh, we've, uh, been getting, uh, these threats, see?" reports Metro Police Detective K. O. Jack of 52 Division. "Like, you know we've, uh, been getting these here, uh, threats since, uh, the middle of, uh, October."

"It seems, uh, that uh a lot of citizens, uh, seem to be wantin' to, uh, kill Santa Claus this year. We figure it's uh got a lot to do with, uh, what they got for, uh, Christmas last year. Like, uh, Bill Davis, see?"

"So, just in case, we uh got together this, uh, special force to, uh, cover the whole route. We, uh, thought we had the whole thing pretty well under, uh, control -



Parade route shows location of attack zone.

seeing as how we, uh, had a handful of, uh, snipers in custody by, uh, 9:30 that morning. But I guess, uh, we might have missed, uh, a few."

This reporter asked asked the police if their security had not been a bit lax, considering the number of death threats.

"Well, uh, not really. We've received, uh, an equivalent number of, uh, threats in the past few, uh, years, but we've never

really had, uh, any trouble, you know?"

"We figured that since most of the threats this year were from, uh, seven year olds, we didn't give these threats any, uh, credence, see?"

Regardless, the police had taken the precaution of doubling the force of armed parking attendants, traffic wardens and police cadets along the route, as well as taking the extra precaution of

placing a bogus decoy Santa in the parade. The decoy, cunningly constructed of styrofoam, tissue paper and old rags cost the department an estimated \$5.00 and change. Jack was asked if he thought that the expense was justified.

"Well, uh, we did seem to draw the fire somewhat. By the time the, uh, decoy hit College, it was so riddled with, uh, bullet holes that we had to, uh, take it out of the parade. It was, uh, just missed by a grenade, apparently lobbed in its, uh, direction, at, uh, Avenue road too."



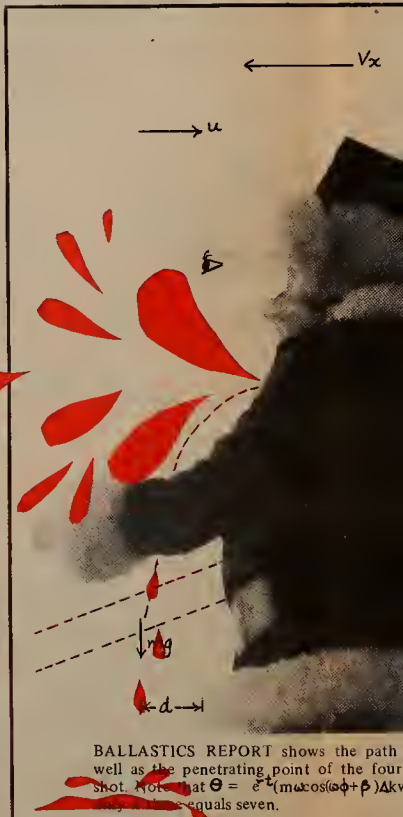
Decoy Santa Claus failed to draw sniper's fire.

It was later revealed that police had an irate ROM in custody, who claimed that he had thrown a grenade at a peanut vendor as a result of being served a rotten candy apple. He denied all knowledge of Santa Claus, and claimed he was a pineapple.

The parade started normally at approximately 1:30 p.m., at Bloor and Dovercourt. Following Plan B (section III.a), the route continued along Bloor to Avenue Road, where it turned south. Parade organizers had hoped that this turn would confuse potential assassins who might take up positions further east on Bloor.

However, the snipers were not fooled, and apparently following inside information, located

Photos copyright 1976 by Arthur Meoff and Godiva's Un



themselves on University just south of Bloor.

Suddenly, a shot rang out. At approximately 2:12 p.m., witnesses reported, a first shot was fired at the Claus float. The bullet passed over Santa's head and embedded itself in the float, chipping the antler of Donner (one of the reindeer) in the process. Apparently unaware of the shot, the float continued until the float's screams were heard. The second



View of unsuspecting Santa float just moments before the first shot rang out.



Sketch of weapon found by police near scene of crime several hours after the incident.

The L and/or



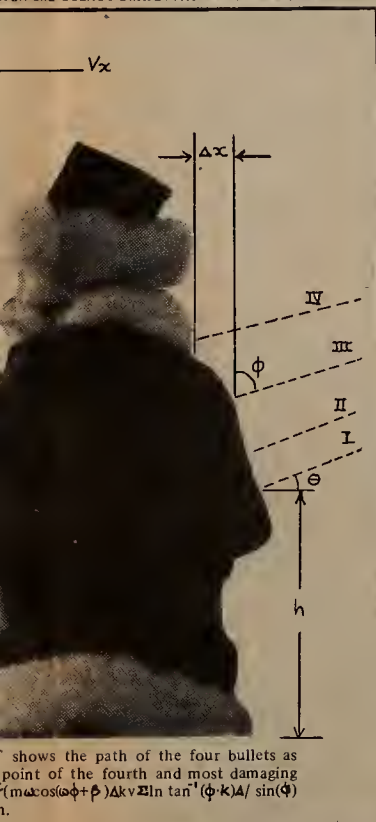
Third shot hits Santa in lower back. Impact knocks Santa forward.



Fourth shot hits spine; Santa crumples.

IN MARS MERRIMENT

Meoff and Godiva's United Press International (GUPU)



Suspected sniper team (detail from Meoff film).

shot was fired. This, too, missed its target and imbedded itself in a reindeer turd on the float platform. Still unaware of the exact nature of the situation, Claus attempted to comfort the wounded reindeer.

Small children screamed in horror as the third shot found its mark. Seriously wounded in the lower back, Santa was knocked forward from his sleigh. The fourth shot slammed into Santa's spine, shattering at least three bones and one candy cane.

Pedestrians fled from the scene as the unmistakably blood-stained Clause crumpled under his own weight. Six elves required hospital treatment, and one a funeral. An artificial Christmas tree had to be destroyed by officials later, along with Donner.

Sirens filled the air and a pipe band leading the float broke into a funeral dirge as attendants rushed to the scene. The crumpled Claus was poured into an ambulance, which then sped off southwards through the parade, killing seventeen clowns, one band, and a stray cat.

At 2:24 p.m., the entourage arrived at Mt. Sinai Hospital. Four thousand fans and half the parade had to be evicted from the Emergency ward and directed back to University Avenue so that the parade might continue on nationwide TV. The surviving elves, however, were allowed to stay.

Officials reported some difficulty in having Claus admitted to the hospital. It seemed that the admission policy for legendary folk heroes was under review at the time and hence not available, and besides the nurse at the desk had not been happy with the engineer she had found under her tree last year. Furthermore, he was not

covered by OHIP.

Meanwhile, police had set up a city-wide roadblock (code name: rush hour) in order to apprehend the criminals. Combing the immediate area, they turned up a suspicious looking sniper rifle and two Scientologists. The Scientologists subsequently gave police a personality test, during which they admitted having just tested "two strange men with sniper rifles". The two men had scored rather low, but had declined to attend a free lecture on free will.

Using information supplied by the Scientologists (for a nominal fee), as well as news film obtained by an alert newsman, police have pieced together a composite picture of the two prime suspects. Anyone able to supply further information is asked to contact Metro police.

Eaton's officials, meanwhile, shouting that 'the parade must go on!' selected a replacement Santa from the hundreds arriving on the scene. Fred Meoff, of no fixed address, was selected as the substitute Santa and supplied



Arthur Meoff, an alert GUPU photographer, managed to obtain film footage of the attack.

with a bullet-proof vest and a Holy Bible. The parade reached its destination with no further trouble.

Santa is in critical condition at the hospital.



The Lady Godiva Memorial Band today officially denied any knowledge of and/or participation in the Parade.



Eyewitnesses identified this man as the assailant.

Some go wild, others wait

HEADLINE.....GODIVA JAZZ BAND PLAYS ENGINEERING ANNEX.....

OCTOBER 28, 1976.

Hello.

We would like to apologize to those of you who were turned away at the gate at the very popular Lady Godiva Mini Bash. This was due to an error in the Marshalling stage and will not be repeated. It would appear the Marshalls became, shall we say, a little over zealous with their newly acquired Power. The stringent entrance visa applications were holdovers from their previous training many years ago with Immigration Canada (when it too used to be a fun organization). We

regret the discomfort and time delays that were inflicted upon innocent people and some firminers alike.

However, on the lighter side, several members of that fun-loving and humorous campus organization, the Christine Keeler Memorial Band (CKMB) were apprehended at the door attempting to pass themselves off to autograph seekers as Lady Godiva Memorial Bnad (LGMB) members (unlike the LGMB, the CKMB'ers made the fatal mistake of still being a fun organization).

When the crowd, estimated by campus police to be between two and three thousand strong, threatened to become ugly (or uglier), a token number were allowed by the

management to enter with only a minimum of security clearance. The remainder of the mob was either dispersed or crushed by the Marshalls using hi-power tricycles with rotating knives. Numerous pelvic bones are still on public display in front of the Annecks as a grim reminder to the horror and tragedy of that day. We should not fail to mention the abortive heroics of the Godiva Jazz Band (GJB) (an almost fun organization) who played with, or rather to, themselves, for minutes on end.

In conclusion, the management would like to thank all those for attempting to attend this exciting event and would also like to remind you all of the up-and-cumming Chinese Pinbarr Toulnameat.

electricity

HOLLIES BUT NO IVY

A Poco Revue

Question: Who sings 'Roxanne'?

Answer: (Pick one)

- a) an Australian eunuch.
- b) Tiny Tim.
- c) Peter Foley.
- d) maybe (b) but probably (a) or (c).
- e) neither (b) nor (c).
- f) Who cares?

If you picked (c) you too probably suffered through the

warm-up act of Peter Foley at Convocation Hall on Sunday Night. Most of the audience looked sick but was holding up well until he sang his first big "hit" single, "Fungy Junction." That's when the lines to the washrooms started. After allowing fifteen minutes to let things settle, the main attraction, the Hollies came on to complete the recovery.

Not having been in Toronto for eight years, the Hollies played all their big hits such as, 'Bus Stop', 'Stop all the Dancing', 'Cary-Anne', 'Long Cool Woman', and a few newer ones.

Their sound was good and loud with great harmonizing, however, one was distracted from it by the choreography of the pianist. As he bounced in time to the music, he ranged in altitude from two feet above to flat under the piano. Recognizing his talent (musical and otherwise) an Engineer next to me bet a nearby Artsie that the pianist would always land on the piano keys.

So, the concert ended with the three-quarter capacity audience having enjoyed the 'Oldies' brought back excellently by the Hollies, all except one Artsie who was trying to figure out how to get home in the cold without his pants.

The LGMB is still planning its fourth album. It will be recorded in early February, 1977, we hope. Anyone interested at all can get in touch with the band just about anytime in the annex.

Ckmb
An open letter to the Lady Godiva Memorial Band from a relatively unknown organization.

Well Mr. Yotes. The membership of the CKMB has read your funny article in the last issue of the MOON and we have to admit that we're less than enthusiastic about this contract you claim that we've already signed to schedule our concerts to coincide with yours. In truth we have not signed this contract, never will sign such a contract, and probably wouldn't sign such a contract even in the very unlikely event that you really drew it up.

We would like to point out that while the LGMB has been known to hold regular practices this year, the CKMB prefers to stick to time honoured tradition, and in fact never practices. Good thing too.

At any rate, while you can call the CKMB many things, one of the more legitimate things you can call us is succumb (that's what CKMB spells, stupid) but we will not (not what, succumb or call ourselves that?). It's still better than being called Lagumba, which sounds like its headquarters should be in Cumberland House, not the Engineering Annex.

Howls of derisive laughter, Bruce. Australia, Australia, Australia we love you, amen. The CKMB

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NOV. 19-20

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DOWNSTAIRS
BLACK CREEK

NOV. 23-24

FLO & EDDY

DOWNSTAIRS
BLACK CREEK

NOV. 25-27

AMAZING RHYTHM ACES

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NOV. 29-DEC. 4

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Cancer man in middle

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For your information, found below are passages from the U of T Patent Policy and Procedures, as they directly apply to you. It is worthwhile knowing where you, the inventor, stand in regard to your invention. Please note that your supervising member of staff should be notified when an invention arises out of your work.

SELECTED EXCERPTS FROM U OF T PATENT POLICY

I Policy

- (a) The basic principles of the University Patent Policy include the following:-
6. The University will consider that it has an equity in any invention which is developed in the course of research supported by funds or utilizing facilities administered by the University, or any other invention which is handled through the University. The University will consider it has no equity in inventions which are patented by the inventor on his own initiative and which are not developed (even though intellectually conceived) in the course of research supported by funds or utilizing facilities administered by the University.

(b) Administration of Policy

The Research Committee of the Board of Governors, hereinafter referred to as the Research Committee, is responsible for general oversight of the University's Patent Policy as regards the University, its faculty members, employees, students and outside sponsors and assignors.

The Office of Research Administration is responsible for the processing and management of inventions and patents under the general supervision of the Research Committee.

II Procedure

(a) Alternatives

1. Faculty members, employees and students of the University of Toronto who make inventions in connection with their work in the University are encouraged to publish the results of their work keeping in mind that they may have obligations to external grantors of funds and that in most countries publication may be a bar to an application for patent.

2. Where a faculty member, employee or student considers applying for a patent for an invention in which the University may have an interest or responsibility he has an obligation to consult his Supervisor or Department Head with respect to the possible exploitation of such invention. If, after such consultation, it appears that there is a discovery which may be of commercial importance, the Department Head or Supervisor shall advise the Office of Research Administration of such discovery.

3. The inventor may elect:

- (i) To request the University to apply for a patent, either through its own facilities, or Canadian Patents and Development Limited (hereinafter referred to as C.P.D.), or
- (ii) To apply privately with the knowledge that, unless the University has waived its rights, the University will have an interest in the patent.

A strong recommendation is made to all inventors that in the interest of saving themselves valuable time, the facilities of the Office of Research Administration should be used, but if the inventor does file privately, he should notify the University of such filing.

(b) Office Administration

1. When an invention has been referred to the Office of Research Administration by the Department Head or Supervisor, or by an inventor privately if he has made a discovery outside of his University work and wishes to proceed under II (a) 3 (i) the Office of Research Administration will arrange consultations with the inventor and appropriate parties to advise the inventor and the University as to possible and desirable actions.
2. If it appears that a patent application should be filed, the inventor will advise the Office of Research Administration of his choice of procedure under II (a) 3 above.
3. If the University agrees to act on an invention referred to it the invention must be assigned to the University.
4. If the University decides not to act on an invention referred to it, it will so notify the inventor and save for a reservation of the right to approve any assignment or license which the inventor may propose to issue to any other party, the University will relinquish any equity it may have in the invention.

5. In the case of an invention which is not referred to the University, or one in which the University has decided not to act, notification of the filing of the patent application shall be given to the University whenever and wherever the application is filed.

6. For any invention which is assigned by the University to C.P.D., the inventor will be paid in accordance with the attached distribution scale. The University's interest will be considered to be its share of the gross income remaining under the terms of the agreement between the University and C.P.D. For inventions which the University and the inventor agree should be handled by the University applying for a patent directly, the interests of the inventor shall be determined by agreement between the University and the inventor and in accordance with the attached distribution scale, but the inventor may elect to receive benefits comparable to those which would have been realised had the invention been assigned to C.P.D. or to renounce his rights to such benefits.
7. If a dispute should arise between an inventor and the University with respect to the provisions of Section II (b) of this Patent Policy the question shall be referred for decision to a Board of Arbitration composed of one representative nominated by the inventor, one by the University, and a third member selected by the two representatives thus chosen.

Distribution to Inventors and University of Net Proceeds to the University of Toronto from Inventions and Patents.

	Inventor	O.R.A.	University Research
1. Donation to University	under terms to be negotiated		
2. Inventor patents and markets	35%*	15%	50%
3. University patents inventor markets	25%*	25%	50%
4. University patents and markets	15%*	35%	50%
5. C.P. & D. or other Company patents and markets	15%*	35%	50%

* The scale of payments to inventors when net proceeds to the University exceed \$500,000 drops to 10% on such excess.



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Pentel sign markers (Reg. 40)	SALE .35
Flexible curves 12" (Reg 1.60)	1.25
INK - Blue - black only (Reg. 60)	.40

right away
again SALE



This is a Python picture.

hot live scene

Scen : (The scene opens with clouds—everywhere about are clouds; soon they disappear—revealing the scene. A lone clock tower appears below the mist. It strikes. Again, it strikes, and after a pause, strikes again. This is odd, for it is only three o'clock. Two lone figures appear stage left. They are both carrying cauldrons of chicken soup. They then exit stage right.)

The sun soon sets over the mountains and plains and envelops the tiny village. From the valley we look down to the village where we see a light, dimly shining from a window. As we close in on the window, we notice that it is in fact a dim light. Two lone men appear to be playing cards, truly enjoying the Christmas spirit.

Upon further investigation, we notice that one of them is wearing a neglig  of heavy twill leopard print polyester satin by Pierre Cardin, highlighted by a lengthy brocade of fresh plastic fruit. Over this he wore a rich cape with a long ermine train by CN.

The other player has a tall chambr s hat with a welded steel brim of well over two feet. His fishnet top covered in gold sequins glowed amid the smoke in the room. He wore heavy linen knickers with opaque burlap argyle knee socks and corrugated cardboard platforms.)

The man with plastic fruit blurts: 'Your deal.'

END OF SCENE

Scene II

Scene: The sun is quickly rising, amid the lone twin chimneys of the town fireplace. Crowds of people throng to enjoy the flickering daylight. They huddle around the non-existent fire singing subtle Christmas carols. Soon again we notice the window, jutting out like a window that is jutting out. Inside, the two blonde limp wristed screaming aberrations are still playing a game that resembles cards. Little wonder, it is cards. At this point, the man who was wearing the platforms but who is now wearing chrome-molybdenum sneakers attempts to speak. Nothing is heard except:

'Gin'.

END OF PLAY

If elected, I promise a chicken in every pot and a car in every garage.

But Seriously

Students form an important part of Ward 6. An alderman must represent students as he should all groups in this highly diverse ward. Students want an athletic building. They should have it. For co-operation not confrontation vote Peter Budd Alderman Ward 6

Peter Budd says:

- (1) Security guards for all apartments
- (2) maintain Island homes
- (3) delayed higher assessment for improved homes to provide incentive not punishment for owners
- (4) more ethnic city officials for greater understanding



ELECT Peter Budd Alderman - Ward 6

421 Queen Street West, Toronto, M5V 2A5, Phone 362-0244

Arrest warrant out

Young Sarah Bellum was a first year dens student, who enjoyed being the centric of attention. She always dressed in the latest fascia, often revealing much of her great orbs. As such, her attire was a recurrent topic on the university carpus. She was finally brought before the faculty office.

"You aorta do something about it" the dean advised. She told him how deep he could rami it. "Who are you to be jejunum me?" she asked. The dean gave her a sternum glare.

"Get out of here this omenta!" he howled, "Go pack your sympathetic trunk and leave, you ileum mannered brat."

"You old fossa budget" she continued, "I'll even wear torn duodenum jeans if I want to." On that note, she quickly left the area.

Unbeknownst to Sarah, K. Davver, an inarticulate lumbar jack was obscured by some trees in Philanderer's Walk. Sarah was headed home along this path.

"Ah, constricted pubis!", he sneered, being somewhat of an anomaly. Sarah could smell cheap portal wine on his breath. "Who are you?" she asked in vein. Replying in rather vagus terms, he said "I prefer to remain innominate."

Suddenly, he reflected her blouse with a quick sweep. Sarah then knew he wasn't kidney around. "Spleen, I beg of you, let me go!" she cried.

He laughed wickedly, "Don't trigone anywhere, it's no use." He had intentions of becoming intimi. The more she tried to resist, the more phrenic he became.

After a tortuous battle, he succeeded in removing her duodenum jeans. Then he threw off his pancreas, exposing his large coccyx. In the excitement, he forgot himself and said "Mr. K. Davver at your cervix." Sarah winced at the pun. "You dirty old mandible" she cried, "Your kind should be arrested."

"Skip the flexure, if you don't mind," he quickly added, forcing her to the floor. "It makes no deferens if you resist" he told her. Sarah soon learned he was a cremaster of perversion.

He probed her anteriorly and posteriorly, several times over; he even had her in the anatomical position—nothing was sacrum.

Finally, he was no longer stiff. "Thank you for an intestine evening," he said, and quickly disappeared.

Once her cavity was filled, she could no longer be a dens student. "I'll never be able to facial my friends as long as I lymph," she thought, saddened by the event.

Though she vowed to med her ways and become a doctor, innardly she would always feel like a prosthetic.

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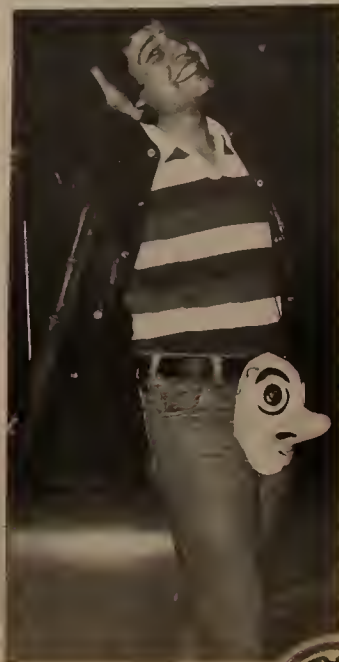
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Engineering Rugby

CHAMPIONS AGAIN!!!

The Engineering Rugby Team became winners of the Nankivell Trophy again last Friday for the second time in the last three years after an undefeated season, by a convincing victory over Trinity 12-0. The Eng. forwards dominated play with Brian Vias hooking just about every ball and the props Remus Gudelis and Andy Januszewski, and locks Jeff Irish and Ron Standish providing the push both in the tight and in the loose. Scrum half Lyndon Humber provided the link to stand off Brian "O.J." Smith, center Paul Joannou and wing Rick Klestinec. Klestinec opened the scoring with a first half try with Smith scoring in the second and Klestinec marking up his second in the final half. In all modesty the old man of the team, fullback Wayne Maddever was brilliant even if it was a four shit day.

Most of the play was in the Trinity end with Eng. dominating the scrums, and lineouts and the backs constantly threatening. This marked the fifth game in a row in which Eng. had not been scored upon. Only Trinity (4) and Law (B) had scored upon us. The team earned their way into the final by defeating Law B-0, in one of the closest games of the season.

Time out now for a word about the Barnacles (Eng. II). The team narrowly missed a place in the playoffs when a protest against Vic was defeated. Vic did not even have eight players on the field to start the game. Vic continued to show an excellent ability to default games by not even showing up for their semi-final game!!! A lot of class for a college that won the Mulock Cup. (Are football players really candyasses?)

The Barnacles, led by scrum-half Dave McAlpine, showed constant

improvement and in the Eng. I-Barnacles game, they proved that their forwards were as good as the first team's forwards. This team consisted of a variety of bodies during the year due to the influx of those uneducated football players such as Jim Reininger, Dave Egan, Ken Mehi, and Kasey Bartesevicius. Experience in the forwards was provided by Alf Stutzmann and Jay Reidy. Backs Dave Hobbs, Simon Dodge, Steve Tower, and Craig Webster improved throughout the season and showed that Engineering will be a power for the next couple of years.

As we draw to a close, mention should go to Fred Pember who added to the first team backs and to Neil Sorbie of the Blues for giving the fullback shit throughout the whole final game. It's too bad he's a Nomad.

ENGINEERING SOCCER

The Senior Engineering Soccer Team ended their season the same way as they began it, by tromping over St. Mick's rather easily. Unfortunately the team couldn't cum thru in the same way against the Turds from Urinedale and Scarborough. Even though this was the strongest team in the past three years, they had to settle for third place, a point behind the last playoff spot.

This year, the team had two wingers, Warren Eberlein and Glenn Pringle who consistently floated in crosses to centre Andy Kirk, whose aggressive play in the middle caused teams to double-team him. Half-backs Peter Risteviski, Chris Gotsis, and MVP winner Aly Bassit were all over the field controlling the play and despite some injuries, the

defensive corps of Max Steiner, David Yee, Colin Stuart, Seton Chase, John Gill, and John Mackasey provided a wall for goal keeper Keith Francis.

A lot of the players on the team are returning next year and are going to tromp thru Urinedale and Scarborough and St. Mick's (again).

Jock

JR ENGINEERING HOCKEY

The Junior Engineering Hockey Team has opened its season with a promising start. The team has won its first three games, 14-1, 5-2, 2-0, against Vic II, Law, and St. Mikes B, respectively. However, the big test comes this week against Phys Ed B, Friday at 5:00.

An excellent effort from both the forwards and defense has typified the play of the team so far. Not blessed with exceptional finesse, the team has made up for its deficiencies in this department with hustle and hard work. Charley 'Tuna' Ramsey, Bob Richards, Rob Olbrycht, Bruce Easterbrook, and Bob Williams have all contributed big efforts for player-coach Jay Reidy, as well as goal tender Nick Stark, who sports a personal goals against average of 0.5.

If the team continues in this same manner of aggressive forechecking and persistent backchecking, a return to the playoffs which the team so narrowly missed last year may be imminent. Again, however, the result of the Phys Ed game will go a long way towards determining the capabilities of this year's team, who still have to face Scarborough B, Innis College, and Forestry.

The loss of centre Cam Bell, will put added pressure upon forwards Doug Fehr, Rich Chorkawy, Pete Wulfi, Bernie Treidel, Dave Salari, and John Bate, but a continued effort along with good performances from defensemen Michel Roy, Brian Laughton, and Steve Aynnesely, could result in an improved position for the team this year.



FEM

WOMEN B-BALL

The Women's Engineering Basketball Team (or WEBT, as they are not overly fond of calling themselves) are pleased to announce that they have recently organized a roving band of not-hairy-jocks, who have decided to call themselves the Women's Engineering Basketball Team.

WIN GAMES

The Women's Engineering Basketball Team (or WEBT, as they do not in fact like to be known), are pleased to announce that they have recently won all but one of their games, played under the collective name, "The Women's Engineering Basketball Team".

WOMEN PLAY BALL

The Women's Engineering Basketball Team (or WEBT, which is a rather silly name when you really think about it) are pleased to announce that they have several women in engineering playing basketball on their team, which is one of the reasons they are called the Women's Engineering Basketball Team.

ANONYMOUS

The Women's Engineering Basketball Team (or WEBT, as they no longer appreciate being called) are relieved to announce that they have all managed to remain anonymous in this article, as has the author who is currently trying to hide from the Women's Engineering Basketball Team.



A student researcher named Sue,
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Talk

WOMEN'S ENGINEERING HOCKEY

Last week, the Women's Engineering Hockey team took to the ice and completed 40% of their schedule for the 1976-77 season. This reporter was able to hold a press conference with the coaching staff in their executive offices over at Lil's. They claimed that this was the first all-round well-balanced

(both sides) team that they have cum across during their entire coaching careers and that they have great expectations for each of the players (after the season).

Along with several returning star veterans, such as Zielinski, Miller, and Kennedy, the coaches have recruited some promising young talent (they are always promising 'next time'), such as Mad Dog Galvin, Rocks of Gibraltar Waddell, Lotsa Love, and Innocent Popig,

who will eventually be the shiny stars of tomorrow.

Their first game was against the varsity team, who cleverly disguised themselves as the Fizz-Ed team. Despite the valiant efforts of one of the coaches to lure one of the jockettes to his room, ("Wanna come and see my hockey trophies?") the Skulewomen went down to defeat. Shots on goal were by Salari (2) and Cross (1). Couperthwaite almost had one as well. Bubelis played a strong game and worked hard as she stopped over 30 shots, letting in only nine goals.

For the next game, the coaches decided to make the team more ag-

gressive and dressed Large, Shykoff and Widgey, some of the tougher engineers, in Skule. Against Meds, the coaches were all up and were expecting many, many things from their players. However, they were let down when Meds fluked a goal and then proceeded to waste time by changing gloves, sticks and helmets when they were changing lines. One of the coaches was heard to mutter that if and when a Skule ever scored a goal, they would waste time by changing skates when ever the lines were changed. After the two games, coach 'Punch' Auger stated that the only statistics that the staff had on the women were their numbers.

Despite these setbacks, there are high hopes that someone will score (coaches included). Future games will be scheduled at 8:00 AM at Varsity Arena and on Friday nights at the E.A.A. President's office.

SQUASH

The Squash Ladder has finally been posted! It is hanging on the wall outside the Athletic Stores, and to make it work, just call up somebody and challenge him. But, if anyone is caught fucking around with the ladder, their balls will be painted black and used in the next game.

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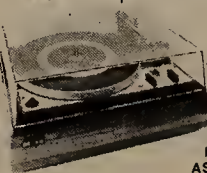
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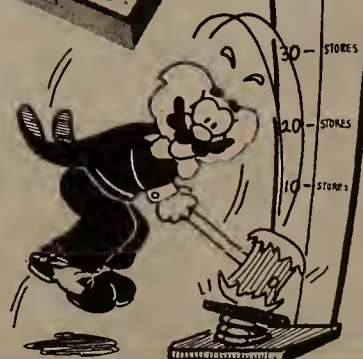
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